



ALL NEW Stories • ALL NEW Art



TEEN-  
AGE

PEBBLES

AND

BAMM-BAMM

NO. 2  
MAR.  
CDC

20¢

a Hanna-Barbera Production

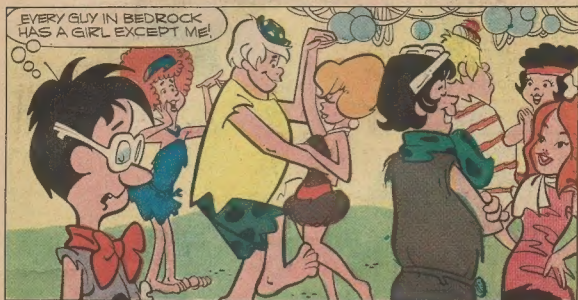
JUKE BOX

PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



100786

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM THE GREAT LOVER



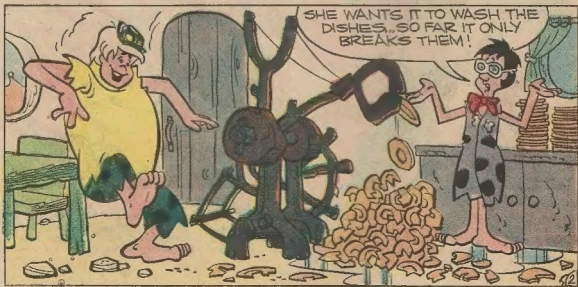
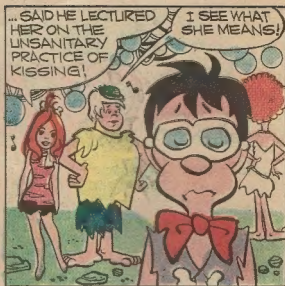
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM

D-2559

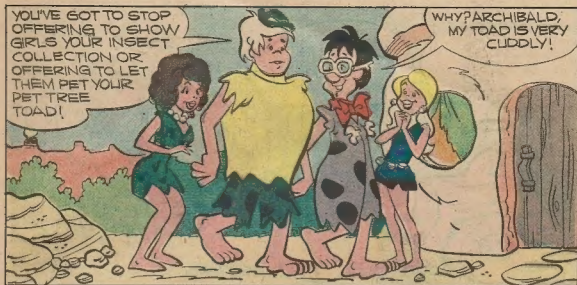
PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM Vol. 1, No. 2, March, 1972.

published every six weeks by Charlton Press, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. ©Copyright 1971 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.60 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

©1971, HANNA - BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

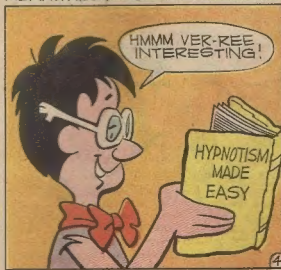






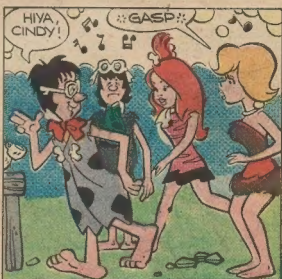
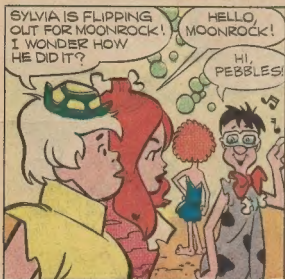


MEANWHILE, MOONROCK READS ON



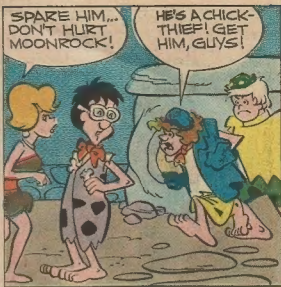












TERRY  
AGE

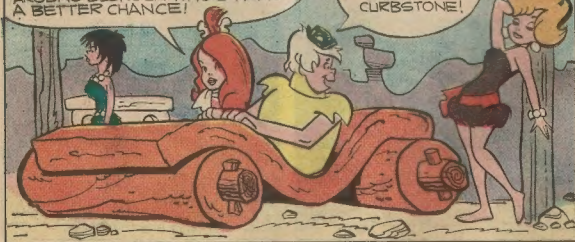
## PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

WHO'S THE LOVELIEST OF ALL?

ANNUAL  
BEAUTY  
CONTEST

I DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE BEAUTY CONTEST, BAMM-BAMM! THERE ARE A LOT OF CUTE CHICKS AROUND BEDROCK WHO'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE!

NAME ONE!... I MEAN BESIDES CINDY CURBSTONE!



AH, PEBBLES, I CAN SEE YOU'RE QUALIFIED TO ENTER THE BEAUTY CONTEST!

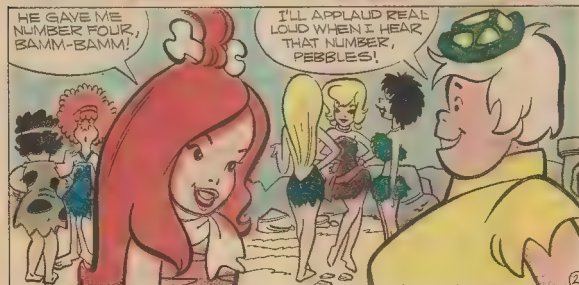
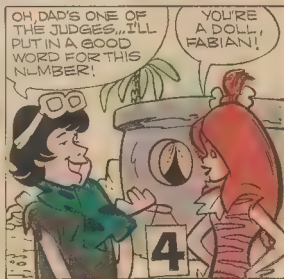
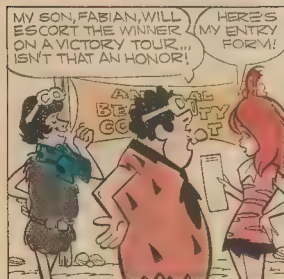
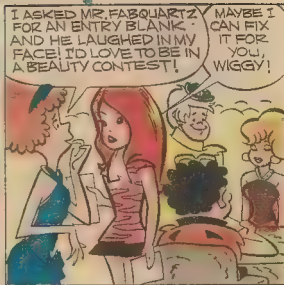
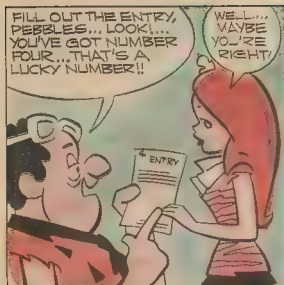
THANK YOU, MR. FABQUARTZ!



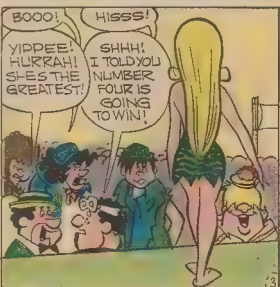
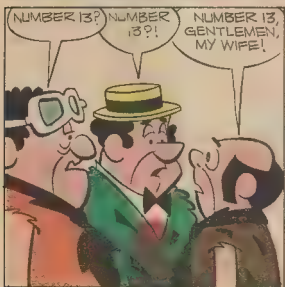
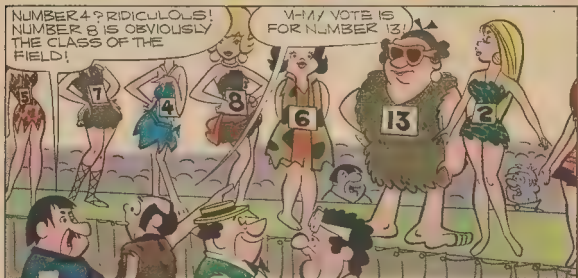
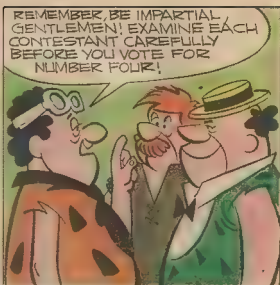
VA-VA-VOOM!

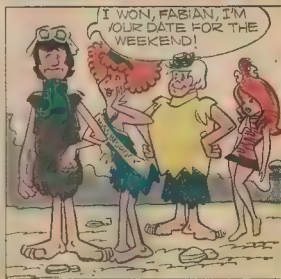
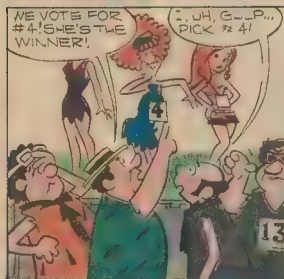
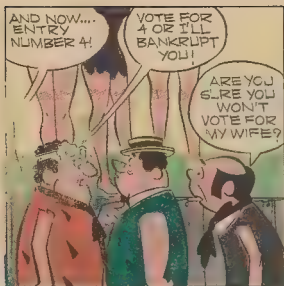
IT'S NO USE, BAMM-BAMM, I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO BECOME MISS BEDROCK!











TEEN-AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMB-BAMB

DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
BAMB-BAMB, PEBBLES.  
FLYING MY KITE IN A  
THUNDERSTORM  
TURNS HIM ON!

0-2558

END



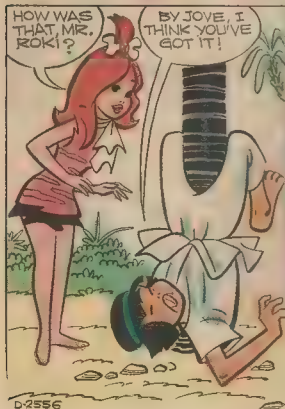
TEEN  
AGE

# PEBBLES BAMM-BAMM JUDO ANYONE?

ATSU ROKI  
JUDO EXPERT  
LESSONS \$1.00



HEY WIGGY, I THINK  
PEBBLES JUST GRADUATED  
FROM JUDO SCHOOL!



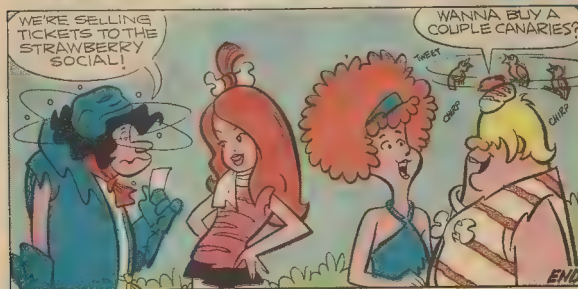
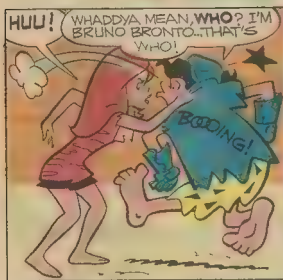
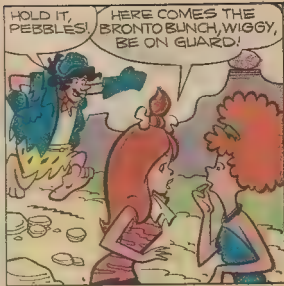
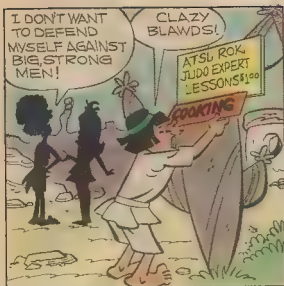
HOW WAS  
THAT, MR.  
ROKI?

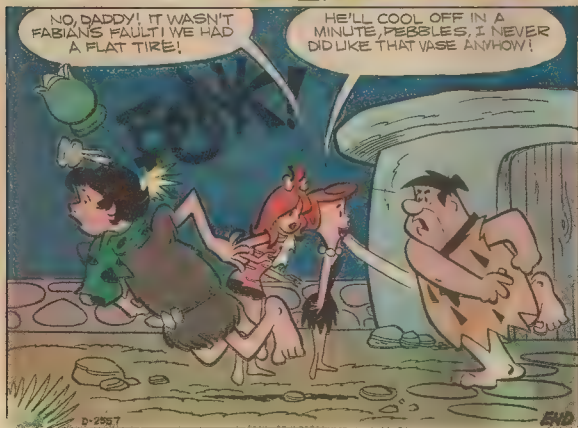
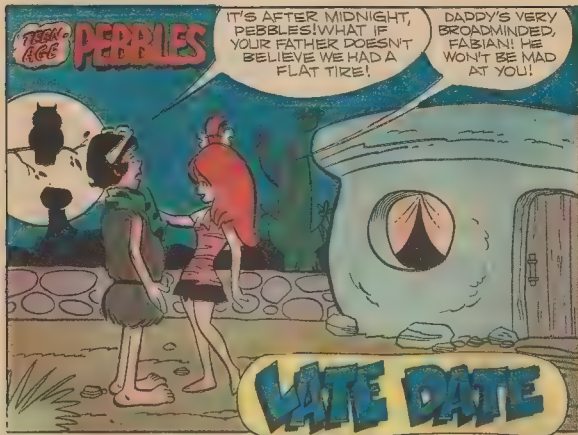
BY JOVE, I  
THINK YOU'VE  
GOT IT!



ISN'T THIS GROOVY!  
NOW WE'RE  
CAPABLE OF  
DEFENDING  
OURSELVES  
AGAINST  
BIG STRONG  
MEN!

IS THAT  
WHY I  
TOOK THE  
COURSE?







# MOLLY

## THE

# MOTH



Squaro the Squirrel was sitting on top of the Big Rock. And he was letting all his friends know about his latest problem.

"I am getting absent minded. I hid three big peanuts last week and I forgot where I put them. First I went behind the Big Great Tree and dug for them. I found three broken tin cans. You can't eat tin cans. Then I went to the side of the hill. I figured that maybe I put those delicious peanuts there. So again I dug. And this time I found three tops of bottles. Can't eat them. What am I to do?"

"Well, one suggestion I can give you," offered Polly the Pigeon. "Is to take a memory course. Then you will remember where you hid your peanuts."

"I have a better idea than that one," suggested Chippy the Chipmunk. "Draw a big map. Make it very exact. On the map put all the locations of where you hide your peanuts. You can put them in a secret code."

"This isn't so smart," interrupted Polly the Pigeon. "What would happen if Squaro the Squirrel then forgot just what his secret code meant? I still think my idea is the best one. Let our friend take a memory course."

"Did you ever take such a course yourself?" demanded the squirrel. "If you did tell me the name of it."

"I did take such a course last year. Five good lessons," replied Polly the Pigeon. "But alas, I forgot the name of the memory course I took."

Molly the Moth flew down to the Big Rock. She then spoke what was on her mind. And she certainly was a very worried moth.

"Squaro the Squirrel must have my problem," she began. "I have thirty little moth children to feed. And since they are growing up I must teach them how to look for good food and how to be careful about what they eat. Once it was very simple. My mother showed me what to do when I was a young moth. You flew into a home. Waited for a clothing closet to open. Then you took a few bites out of a wooden coat, vest, jacket, or skirt. True, I did have a conscience. I remember how the husband once yelled: 'The moths have been here. Look what they did to my nice new sport coat.'"

And then there was the day, the wife really

cried as she took out her woolen dress.

"The moths have been here. Look what they did to the dress I bought in the bargain sale at Barley's Bargain Basement. Next year I will get moth balls or one of the new preparations on the market. That ought to take care of those nasty moths."

But this is not the real big problem. People are buying clothing made of synthetics. We moths cannot eat the new material. People should wear woolens again. What are we going to do?"

"Only suggestion I can think of is that somebody ought to put food on the market for moths. I noticed last night on TV they showed food for dogs and cats. Why not food for moths? Somebody could make a lot of money. And another factor in it. If moths all ate this food then they would not bother to eat woolen clothing. Seems to me the people who want to sell coats and other items made out of wool ought to be interested in my ideas," said Willy the Worm.

"They ought to call you Silly the Worm, not Willy the Worm," said Chippy the Chipmunk!

"You took the words right out of my mouth," added Polly the Pigeon. "How low can a worm get?"

"What do you mean that I took the words right out of your mouth?" demanded Chippy the Chipmunk. "I am here. You are there. I never even moved one inch. We have a lot of witnesses who will swear that they did not see me open your mouth and take those words out of it. Furthermore it would be most impolite to do such a thing."

"I didn't mean it that way," explained the pigeon. "Humans say it that way. When a human is about to say something and another human says the same thing first. That is all that I meant."

"Next time say what you mean the way we say it," scolded the chipmunk.

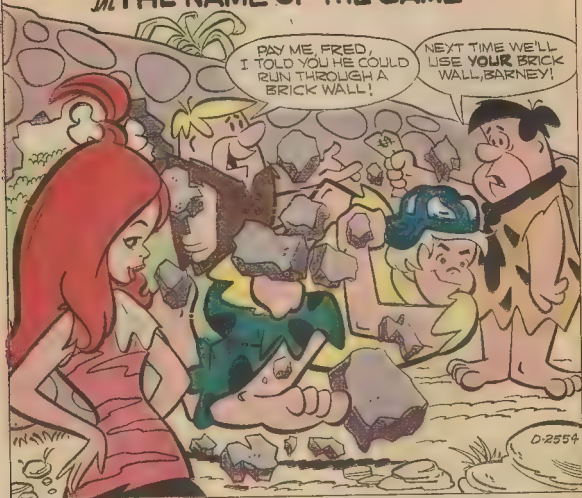
"I am getting mad about all of this," shouted the worm. "How stupid can you all be? How low can a worm get? Only so low that he touches the ground as he moves along it. You all know that. Just for that I won't tell you the last story I heard about Tommy the Trout. We will all meet here next week. And then if I am in the proper worm mood. I shall tell it to you."

\*\*\*\*\*

FROM  
AGE

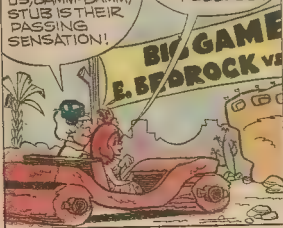
# PEBBLES - BAMM-BAMM

in THE NAME OF THE GAME

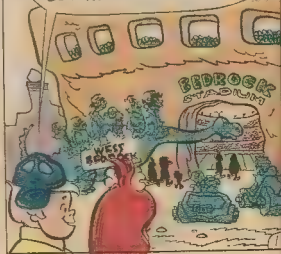


BRUNO BRONTO SAYS BEDROCK IS SURE TO BEAT US, BAMM-BAMM, STUB IS THEIR PASSING SENSATION!

YOU CAN THROW A PASS FURTHER THAN STUB, PEBBLES!



THIS IS A GRUDGE GAME... BUT WE CAN'T LOSE!



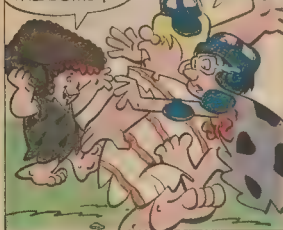
I'M NOT ASKIN' MUCH, BOYS....  
JUST GO OUT THERE AN' WIN FOR  
DEAR OLD EAST BEDROCK ::SOB::!



HOW WAS I, FELLAS? GREAT!  
THAT WAS BOSS, COACH!



FURTHER! KEEP  
GOING ..THIS IS  
THE BOMB!



LET IT GO,  
STUB!

HOW COME STUB  
IS THEIR QUARTER-  
BACK, COACH?



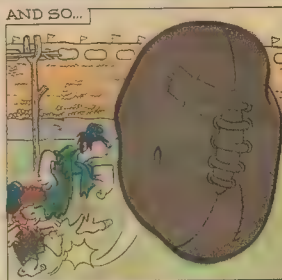
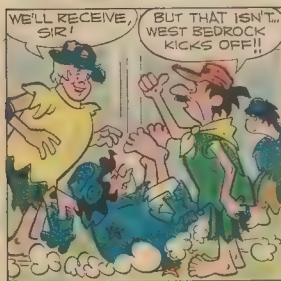
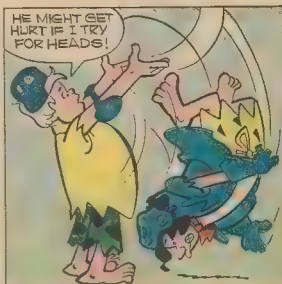
BEATS ME!  
THEY SAY HE'S  
THEIR SECKET  
WEAPON!

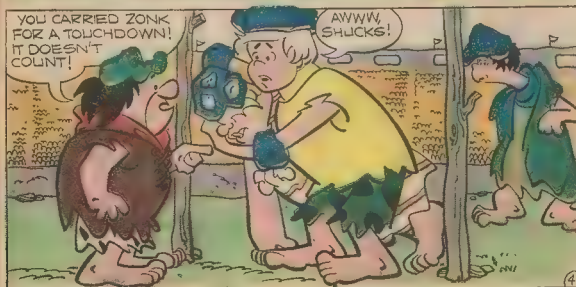
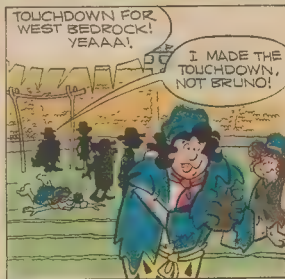
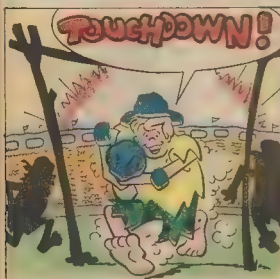
BAMM-BAMM, GO OUT AND  
FLIP BRONTO TO SEE  
WHO'LL KICK OFF!

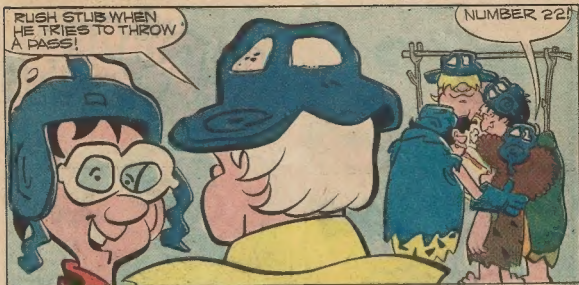


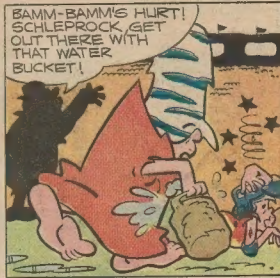
FLIP BRONTO??  
BUT...WELL...OKAY,  
COACH...





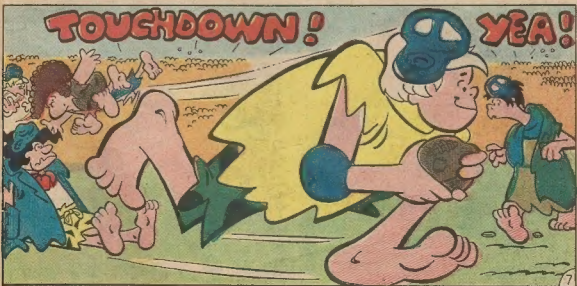






CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE





EAST BEDROCK KICKS OFF  
TO WEST BEDROCK AND...



WITH SCHLEPROCK AND HIS CLOUD OF GLOOM ON WEST BEDROCK'S SIDE, THE TIDE TURNED, THAT'S RIGHT, BEDROCK WON!

